THE OLD CHURCH.

BY H. H. JOHNSON.

What! tear the old church down, you say, and
build a modern one,
That we can look with pride upon and boast of
when 'tis done?
With lots of little rooms below for festivals and
fairs,
And one big room for preachin', with its pews
and easy chairs?

What's wrong about the dear old church we've
worshiped in so long?
The walls are good, the clapboards tight, the
windows sound and strong;
I'll own the roof is leakin' some, but that can be
made right,
A shingle stuck in here and there will make the
old roof tight.

I tell you, brethren, that old church seems like
a life-long friend;
Sweet memories clusterin' there will last till
life shall end.
Each timber, joist and board and nail seems
speakin' with a tongue,
And tellin' of the good done here since you and I
were young.

Beside that dear old altar there, just fifty years
to-day,
I knelt and begged for pardon, and Christ washed
my sins away;
And though old Time has thinned my hair and
bleached it white as snow,
That altar is as dear to me as fifty years ago.

The sermons that we've listened to from holy
men of God
Whose bodies now are lyin' cold beneath the
churchyard sod,
Seem ringin' in my ears to-day, and full of Gos-
pel truth
As when I listended to them in the merry days
of youth.

I seem to hear the preacher's voice say, "Breth-
ren, let us pray,"
And all the congregation kneel in the old-fash-
ioned way;
I seem to hear the thrillin' shouts of "Glory"
and "Amen"
Respondin' from the people's hearts and echoin'
again.

I seem to hear those old-time hymns we all so
loved to sing,
That used to swell from ev'ry heart, and made
the old church ring.
There's one now ringin' in my ears: "Let angels
prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem and crown Him
Lord of all!"

'Twould seem too much like sacrilege to tear
that altar down;
I'm 'fraid God wouldn't bless the deed, but
rather on it frown.
No, brethren, not a dollar will you get from my
old hand!
I'd rather give five hundred more and let the old
church stand?

So, I beg you, let the old church stand; and when
this old, gray head
Shall lie beneath the flowers in the city of the
dead,
Then you can tear the old church down and
build one new and grand;
But while I live, oh, heed my prayer and let the
old church stand.

HIS BLUNDER.

BY C. F. CASE.

John Kelly had but lately settled in Metropolisville, and people only knew him as a seemingly respectable druggist. Two years before he had left a drug store in Chicago, into which he had been introduced by parents in Boiler avenue, who found that the rearing of so many children and so many goats at the same time was likely to reduce too much the surplus of their revenue, and so lessened the former incumbrances as fast as they could find situations for them.

He had been taken in to sweep the store, and he did it so well that a slight promotion soon followed, and this in a few months fully fitted him, according to the inventory he took of himself, for business on his own hook; and as he had recently drawn a lottery prize which, by some chance, had escaped the usual home protection, he went West and opened the Eagle drug store at Butternut Ridge. Here he rapidly rose in his own esteem, and after a few weeks' study of pharmacology, as taught in the dispensatory, he adopted the more enterprising and more economical plan of manufacturing most of his own mixtures.

Things went on with a brightening horizon till one day his aptitude to make errors tripped him up.

La grippe had just shown itself at Butternut Ridge, or the citizens imagined so, which in effect was the same thing, and Kelly, with his usual promptness in emergencies, at once discovered an infallible remedy for it, and advertised.

He had, however, an old customer, who never yearned after new discoveries in medical science, but whose confidence was solidly anchored to a Tom-and-Jerry preparation that had been prescribed in his youth and to which he had been very loyally attached through manhood. The corporation, though, had voted and more or less adopted prohibition as the headline of its moral creed, and Tom-and-Jerry unadorned fell under this sumptuary law, and was interdicted.

The customer referred to, Mr. Gillhooly, with Mr. Kelly's chemical suggestions and pharmaceutical knowledge, arranged a stimulating substitute that slipped under the protection of law as a medicine but still held at the will of the operator all the untamed restlessness of forty-rod bourbon.

The afternoon of which we speak Kelly had mixed a gallon jar of this medicine and another similar jar of the new remedy for the grippe; and, in setting them away had wholly forgotten whether the Tom and Jerry improvement was at the right of the asafetida bottle and the grippe solution on the left, or vice versa.

This indecision in a drug store is not as safe as among hardware, and, consequently, when the matron of the young ladies' seminary informed him that nearly her whole flock was laboring under the preliminary indisposition of the Russian invader, Kelly gave her three-quarters of Gillhooly's mixture by mistake, and advised an immediate and liberal absorption. A little later the Reverend Mr. Smythe came in, and professing a similar affliction took the last quart from the same jar and went to his duties with a faith in pharmacy that was likely to fade with time.

Mr. Gillhooly called later still, and said that as he had to address a caucus that evening it was absolutely essential that he should fortify himself with half a gallon of his favorite dissolvent.

Kelly locked his store that night with a tolerably clear conscience, and a pretty strong confidence in his ability to work the world with one sort of a lever or another whatever happened.

In the morning he was interviewed by the Mayor and other prominent citizens, who explained that his remedies had entirely failed to fulfill the promises of the advertisement. There had been a sound of revelry heard that night at the seminary which necessitated investigation by the Marshal, who had found the matron and a dozen young lady pupils manifesting symptoms of la grippe never before diagnosed in connection with that complaint, the details of which it had been deemed wise and proper to suppress. Rev. Smythe had been called late in the afternoon to preach a funeral sermon for a worthy parishioner, and had conducted the services in a very strange manner indeed. Waxing, unduly eloquent as he proceeded, he had declared that the deceased was a brick, had been a brick from the time Catherine of Russia had discovered America, and that most of the later grand improvements that enterprise had dumped on American soil, including the Central Park obelisque, the pyramid of Ghiza, and the mummies at the dime museum had come from the private purse of the deceased before he fell into the soup. Such a man was dead sure to get a consulate in Kingdom Come or there was no reliability in the text. The laborer is worthy of the jack-pot. He felt sympathy for the bereaved widow who was a slashing pretty woman, and if he hadn't already an incumbrance on his future freedom of action he would take her in out of the wet, cold world, hanged if he wouldn't. He then closed by saying that if some good brother would pass the hat the choir might sing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," or any other appropriate hymn.

Gillhooly came in after a while and said that he had been in politics 'steen years, and had never had so almighty mean a trick played on him before. In his caucus speech he had utterly failed, and so confused had been his ideas that he had been unable to tell the opposition whether the tariff on hides ought to be reduced or increased. All he could think of was that blanked Tom and Jerry and the blankety blanked fool that had mixed it as a caucus cordial.

* * * * * *

It was getting pretty hot for Kelly at Butternut Ridge, and he sold out before night and left to grow up with a latitude and longitude farther west. This is how he happened to be now in Metropolisville.

Before he had been a week in his new home he fell into an act of eratic foolishness that gave his hold on fortune another check. A matrimonial publication fell into his hands, sent out by a purported agency that advertised to secure to either sex who paid the fees a life partner with any qualification desired, including great wealth.

Love is no new thing to an Irishman; but Great Wealth! Mother of Hannah! That was worth investigating. So he sent his dollar and a flattering pedigree that lacked nothing but truth. But to secure partial protection he signed the fictitious name of John Merriweather, but requested letters sent only to the number of his postoffice box.

Presently there came a letter breathing of unsatisfied love and hinting somewhat indistinctly of wealth galore, wealth that was a burden. It was signed Winnie Wolfort, and was soon followed by several others which, in a short time led to a proposal and a prompt acceptance.

Miss Wolfort was no chicken, and meant business. She had made inquiries, and had ascertained that there was a John Merriweather at Metropolisville, and that, in the parlance of the wild and woolly West, he was well fixed. Believing that it is best to strike while the iron is hot she took the train next day for Metropolisville, and, on arrival inquired where Mr. Merriweather resided. She was directed to a farm-house two miles away. There she found John Merriwether to be a red-headed son of toil about 55 years of age, dressed in a hickory shirt and overalls, and chewing plug tobacco as if he had never heard that such dissipation would cloud his intellect, impair his health and shorten his days.

"So you are John Merriweather?" inquired Miss Wolfort with a somewhat disappointed stare.

"I reckon, ma'am, you've got on the right trail this time;" Merriweather answered, "but if I've ever met you afore it must a been when you want dressed quite so spruce like, and hang me if I don't disremember your face and name entirely."

"Is there any other John Merriweather in this vicinity?"

"Nary one but me. They's a Joshua, and a Peter and a William Henry, that's called Bill for short, but they's boys o' mine, and they and the two gals and me is the only Merriweathers in this country, I know."

"Did you ever write to Miss Winnie Wolfort?"

"Not's I 'member on. If I did it must a' been forty years ago, for I haint writ a line but once sence, and that was to sign a fool contract with a lightning rod man. Darn 'em, they put eleven hundred feet o' rod all over me, and I had to pay right smart too; and then the first thunder storm skipped everything else just to knock that rodded house o' mine galley west. It did, by jingo."

"There is some very disagreeable mistake about this matter, Mr. Merriweather," exclaimed Miss Wolfort with a flushed face. "Look at this letter, sir."

John Merriweather took the letter and read it very slowly and carefully.

"'Pears to me like a regular legal proposal of marriage, Miss. Yes, and hang me if here ain't my name at the end on't. I never writ it, though; and no Merriweather ever did. They can't any on 'em do it so slick as that. To be sure, I'm a widower, and if you can't find the feller you expected to, and have got your mind made up for a Merriweather, why I'll help carry out the program drafted out in this letter, blamed if I won't, and thank you, too."

"Mr. Merriweather, I don't think you can realize how terribly and cruelly I have been imposed on by some one at Metropolisville that ought to be punished."

"Yes I do. It's forgery and agin the law, and you must be disappointed as blazes. If you'll just wait a minit till I get on a clean wamus and grease my boots, hanged if I don't hitch up the oxen and take you down to lawyer Jones's. He'll hunt this thing down just for fun. He's a good one, I tell you to ferret out crime. I had a calf stole once and he took hold of the case fur me and blamed if he didn't find out all about it seven years after. The calf had grown up and been killed and et for beef and the thief had enlisted in the army and been shot, so that I never got anything, but it was always a satisfaction to me to know what became of that calf."

Miss Wolfort was glad to accept this aid. She was tired, and her feelings were lacerated. She wanted to know who had toyed with tender sentiments behind an incognito, and was even willing to pay a lawyer's fee for the refreshment of a little sweet revenge.

Lawyer Jones took hold of the case with avidity. He liked above all things to uncover the covered; and before night he had traced this correspondence with Miss Wolfort to its proper source.

Kelly admitted it all after exposure became certain, and having through the same lawyer ascertained that Miss Wolfort's; wealth was mostly laid up where moth and rust could not reach it, he declined to meet her; but, inasmuch as he had, after a sort, committed forgery by using the name of a man he had not known existed, he was induced to pay handsomely for freedom from legal action, and thus the wounded feelings of Miss Wolfort were soothed for the time being, and the angel of peace fluttered near to get in more of her work if possible.

John Merriweather's oxen were getting very hungry, and were pawing the soil in expression thereof before their owner could make up his mind to start for home.

"I'll tell you what you'd better do, Miss Wolfort," he said just as the moon climbed up from behind a distant haystack. "You've been fooled like smoke in this writin' business, and it's a pesky shame. To be sure, you've found John Merriweather, but he ain't just the bird o' paradise you'd pictured, though I do say it, he's an honest man. Now, under the circumstances, hadn't you better take this John for better or worse, seein' as how you can't find the other? And you are away from home and on expense. It'll cost you like smoke to pay carfare back agin, and you can just as well ride back to the farm with me as not. If you say so, we'll go over to the parson's and get married this evenin' at my expense, blamed if we wont."

Miss Wolfort, as we have before remarked, was no chicken. This style of love making was not exactly in accordance with Marquis of Queensbury rules she knew, but she had also learned that "life is real, life is earnest," and she saw through the corrugated exterior of this romance a good home with plenty to eat, and prospective quietude from the storms of life. So she put her little hand in the large one of John Merriweather, and when the oxen reached the Merriweather farm, the three boys and the two girls were formally introduced to a new mother, and were, of course, pleased to see their pa so happy.

She Knew All About It.

Just about midnight the other night four men at the Abbey sat looking at a fifth. The fifth one was drunker than the other four. While all men were created equal, some men get drunk twice as fast as others.

"It will never do to send him home in this condition," said one of the four after a long silence.

"No, it would break his wife's heart," added a second.

"But we can't leave him here and if we turn him out the police will run him in," observed the third.

"I have been thinking," mused the fourth. "He has a telephone at his rooms. Here is one here. I will make it my painful duty to inform his waiting and anxious wife that he won't be home to-night."

He went to the telephone, got her call and began:

"Mrs. Shifter, I desire to communicate with you regarding your husband."

"Well, go ahead."

"He is down here."

"I know that much."

"In descending the stairs leading to the lodge-room he fell and sprained his neck."

"Are you sure he didn't break his neck?"

"It is not a serious sprain, but we think it better to let him lie on the sofa in the ante-room until morning. Rest assured that he will have the best of care. We are doing ev—"

"Say!" broke in a sharp voice, "you bundle him into a cab and drive him up here, where I can keep him hidden until that drunk goes off! He won't be sober until to-morrow night."

"My dear mad—"

"Get out! If he is sleepy drunk put water on his head. That's the way I always do."

"Will you let me inform you that—"

"No, sir, I won't. Throw water on his head, get him into a cab and send him here, for it's most midnight now and it will take me half an hour to get his boots off and push him up-stairs! Remember—pour water on his head and yell 'fire' in his ear."

A Dangerous Clam.

The giant clam is the largest bivalve known. In Northern Australia this is considered an edible species and is regularly sought after by the natives. Mr. Denton, of the United States Fish Commission, has seen clams containing 40 to 50 pounds of meat, and it is a matter of record that individuals, weighing 300 pounds, have been observed. The giant clam lies almost concealed in the reefs, just showing the beautiful blue and green of its mantle above the coral. The crushing power of this shell is startling. Mr. Denton thrust a stick as big as a man's leg between the valves of one of them, and it was broken short off. A man's foot would be crushed as easily as a pipestem. The natives have a wholesome dread of stepping unawares into one of these formidable traps. They kill the animal by stabbing it with a long sword and then remove the meat without disturbing the shell, thus saving themselves a vast amount of labor and trouble.—*Baltimore Sun.*

PLEASURE is the flower that fades; remembrance is the lasting perfume.

A RACE COURSE EPISODE.

The Gambler Is Capable of a Good Deed if Occasion Calls for It.

Much has been said and written as to the generosity of the gambler—a generosity which is the twin brother of recklessness and is born of chance.

The gambler never knows what moment fortune may turn against him, and he may be temporarily thrown into a position which will make him dependent upon the assistance of others, and just as he spends his money lavishly in good living and rich attire he gives freely with a half superstitious feeling that such giving will bring him fortune and also with a consciousness that it has become one of the traditions of the guild to which he belongs to make up in some slight way for the hardships they inflict upon one person by relieving the distress of another.

It was at Washington Park, Chicago, last summer. The bell had not yet rung to call the horses for the first race, but drivers were moving a score of magnificent animals back and forth for preliminary exercise; thousands of eager devotes of the turf thronged the stretch and gathered about the betting stands where the monotonous calls of pool sellers and book makers found ready response. Every man's hand was in his pocket, and every man was thinking only of gain. Suddenly there came through the main gate of the park a somber vehicle which had some of the characteristics of an ambulance and some of those belonging to a milk wagon without being quite like either. This drove to the back of a stand, and halted; from is alighted two black robed figures, Little Sisters of the Poor, and passed slowly and silently through the throng of laughing, smoking and betting men, until they encountered "Pat" Sheedy, once the manager of John L. Sullivan and as thoroughly a sporting man as anyone can find in a month's search. One of the sisters spoke to him in a low tone. Pat's hand went into his pocket.

"Hold your apron," said he, and twenty dollars in silver clicked musically into it.

"Now come with me."

Sheedy took the two women under his wing and began the grand circuit of the betting stand. At each he said:

"Here, you fellows, here's a couple of Sisters that will bring you luck. I want you to chip in and not be small about it, either. Nothing less than ten goes."

There were forty-two stands of this kind, straight pools, Paris mutuals and book makers; and when the circuit had been completed the Sister found it necessary to hold the corners of her apron very closely together, for she had more than six hundred dollars in silver and paper. Then Pat took the two ladies to their wagon, saw them safely in, persuaded a policeman to ride with the driver until they were well away from the track, and returned to his vocation.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Another Woman and a Tiger.

The other night a lot of people were talking about Sidney Rosenfeld's play, "The Stepping-Stone." Frank Stockton was present, and somebody asked him what he thought of it. He said: "Well, I will tell you a story. In a far-off country, we won't say where, and we won't say when, there was a railroad station where there was just a box for the ticket office and a long, straight platform. Now there a whole party of people, we won't say who, waited to get on the train. After a while they discovered they had missed it, and had to stay all night on the platform. They consisted of thirteen young women and thirteen young men and an elderly lady as chaperon. She didn't know exactly how to arrange her charges for the night, and she was a bit nervous, because she knew there were a great many tigers roaming around ready to chew up people who looked as if they might taste good. She did the best she could under the circumstances. The thirteen young men were all laid down in a row like wooden soldiers, then came the thirteen young women, then, at the extreme end, the chaperon. However, after they were all fixed, and just as she was closing her eyes, she thought if a tiger should come he would probably eat the person on the end, so she got up and placed herself just in the center between the young men and young women, and slept the sleep of the just, feeling that her duties as a chaperon had been properly performed. When she awakened in the morning she discovered that the tender young woman at the extreme end had been gobbled up by a ferocious tiger during the hours of the night! Now, just the way that woman felt when she realized that she might have been decorating the interior of a tiger is the way I felt when it dawned on me that I had not written "The Stepping-Stone.'"—*St. Louis Republic.*

The Good Old Times.

Under Henry I. coiners of false money were punished by the loss of their right hands, and other mutilations of various kinds were in common use, says *All the Year Round.* In 1160 we hear of heretics who had refused to abjure their faith being handed over to the church by the civil authorities to be branded with a hot iron on the forehead, have their clothes torn off from the waist up and be whipped through the public streets. Boycotting was at that time a legal practice, whatever it may be now, for the said heretics were not only forbidden to worship as they desired, but forbidden to enter the houses of orthodox believers, or even to purchase the necessaries of life.

The popular notion of the crusaders as an army of Bayards, "*sans peur reproche,*" is hardly consistent with the code of criminal law which Richard Cœur de Lion enacted for the especial behoof of those with whom he set out for holy Palestine. If any one of them were convicted of theft, boiling pitch was to be poured over his head, then a pillow full of feathers shaken over him, and he was to be abandoned at the first port the vessel touched. Whoever killed another on board ship was to be tied to the corpse and cast into the sea; whoever killed another on shore was to be tied to the corpse and buried with it. A blow was to be punished by three duckings in the sea and the use of the knife in a quarrel caused the aggressor to lose one of his hands.

Living on His Wig.

A well-known sporting man was telling a group of friends recently of the strange people he had encountered late at night in the streets when the ordinary routine of life seems to be reversed.

"The strangest of them all," said he, "was little Billy Sprague. Billy was the funniest little chap you ever saw. He weighed not less than two hundred pounds, although he was scarcely five feet high. Literally, he was almost as broad as he was long. His face certainly was broader than it was long. The most singular effect was caused by the fact that Billy had not a single wisp of hair on either his head or face—not even an eyelash or eyebrow. He was awfully sensitive about his not having any hair, but couldn't seem to get used to wearing a wig. His pate was like an exaggerated billiard-ball, and Billy used to say the wig made him want to scratch it all the time.

"When he was about twenty-five years old Billy fell in love with a pretty girl who worked in a big candy store in Sixth avenue, and he straightway set out to win her. He went to the best wig-maker in town and had a fine brown curly wig made. It cost a heap of money, but Billy would have it. He paid diligent court to the girl, who toyed with him awhile and then sent him about his business. Billy took it sorely to heart and began to drink heavily. In a short time he had spent all his money, and had lost his situation, and was very much of a loafer. The only valuable thing he had left was his wig. Finally, he could not get along without his liquor, and liquor he could not get without money.

"One night Billy started a beautiful scheme for getting all the rum he wanted. Going into a saloon he confidentially told the barkeeper that he had no money to pay for a drink, but that if he were supplied he would leave his wig as security for its payment. The wig was taken and Billy got his drink. No barkeeper could have doubted that it was good security after seeing Billy's bald head. Going out Billy strolled to another saloon, in which he told a sad tale of having his wig stolen. His shining scalp was the best kind of evidence that he needed a wig, and everybody felt sorry for him, he looked so forlorn. The hat went around and Billy raised about three dollars for another wig, besides being asked to drink twice. Returning to the first saloon Billy redeemed his wig and went his way rejoicing.

"By selecting his basis of operations carefully, Billy lived for two years on that wig—lived too well, in fact, for at the end of that time he died on the Island from an attack of delirium tremens."—*New York Tribune.*

A Lion Loose.

One night, when old Dan Rice was exhibiting his circus in an Ohio town, it commenced to rain about the time the performance was over, and hundreds of people stuck to the tent for shelter. Dan didn't want to be mean, but the canvas must come down, and so he sent three of the men through the crowd to whisper:

"Don't get excited and make a rush, but I must inform you that the Numidian lion has escaped from his cage. Please go out quietly."

The people went fast enough—all but a few unbelievers. There was a farmer and his wife and five children, and he got them in a circle in the ring and placed four or five pickles, three or four hard-boiled eggs, and a paper of salt in his straw hat in the centre. One of the men came up and inquired:

"What are you doing here, old man?"

"Waitin'," was the reply.

"Didn't you know the lion was loose?"

"Yaas, I heard 'em say so. Is it true?"

"Of course it is."

"Regular lion?"

"Yes."

"Regular Numidian lion?"

"Yes."

"Healthy and fat?"

"Yes."

"Waal, that's what we're waitin' fur. We're a calculatin' to eat the durned critter afore we leave, and I wish you'd hurry him up."—*New York Sun.*

No Intentions.

A man with a bundle under his arm stopped at a fruit-stand on Congress street with the evident intention of making a purchase, but before he had said anything a person standing near beckoned to him and asked:

"Were you going to buy a banana?"

"Yes, sir."

"Going to eat it on the street?"

"Very likely."

"Going to drop the skin on the sidewalk?"

"No, sir. I've got seven children at home, and I can't afford any such extravagance."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Surgeon Parke's Diminutive Sweetheart.

If Dr. Parke, the plucky young surgeon who accompanied Stanley, is more impervious to beauty than his chief, not so is the fair sex in regard to him. When Stanley entered the forest of the pigmies, a young female dwarf showed herself. She would have nothing to say to Stanley, but conceived a great affection for the doctor. She replied to his signs, insisted upon sleeping at his tent's door whilst the explorers were in the forest, and when they left it, she wanted him to go with her to her people.—*London Truth.*

A Double Event.

Mrs. Moriarity—Sure, it's just her luck! Did you hear av that, now, Tim?

Tim—What is it, mother?

"What is it? Faix, Mrs. Brannigan got five t'ousand fram the road for her b'y's leg. Ah thin, it's the fine airs she'll be puttin' on now."

"Nivir mind, mother; we'll bate that, begor. I'll get the two taken aff and that be tin thousand."

"Blessin's on yez, darlint. It's always the good b'y you was to help your poor ould mother."

POPULARITY is like the brightness of a falling star, the fleeting splendor of a rainbow, the bubble that is sure to burst by its very inflation.

How It Affects Marriage.

In a recent discussion among some of the young ladies about to conclude their education, so far as it is given in the public school system of this city, of the question of adding a four years' course at one of the universities, a symposium worthy of the Twilight Club was had, says the Saint Paul *Daily Globe.* The relations of advanced culture to the life and influence of women in society were considered in many and varied phases. The most notable and effective point adverse to the collegiate course was made by a bright and vivacious member of the party. She said she had thought of going to a neighboring college, and would enjoy the course, but had decided against it for the reason that she had discovered that the higher education was a virtual barrier to matrimony. Figures were adduced from a magazine article showing that in the case of the New England colleges the records kept show that in the twelve years after graduation, the limit of the matrimonial period, virtually less than one-fourth of the educated ladies married; and, in cases where the education has been in strictly female institutions, without mixture of the sexes, only 14.8 per cent. married before passing into the desuetude of the spinster state. Some figures of New York institutions also were given of a very similar character. It was shown that this was not chiefly due to the lack of marrying men, as those who stopped short of the higher course had at least 50 per cent. more chances of marrying.

The young lady was frank to say that she believed in matrimony, and was old-fashioned enough to hold that it was, in theory at least, the ideal state for woman. She was not specially solicitous about her own fate in this connection, but did not propose to diminish her chances by the loss of four years. She was ambitious. If she went through the higher course she would try to keep up with the male intellects. Her observation was that men were slow in marrying women who seemed to be brighter and knew more than they did. Then the higher education was apt to give the girls a distaste for domestic and household duties. Even the few years in the high school had in her own case made the home sphere less acceptable to her. Others of the company insisted that the young woman of to-day should fit herself for self-assertion and support in life, without regard to marriage. That might be accepted as a possible incident, but should not be sought; or, at least, should not be regarded as essential to usefulness or happiness. Still, it is intimated that the number who will take the further course was considerably diminished.

Dr. Collyer's Experience in America.

It is exactly forty years to a day, as I write these lines, since I came here myself on that same old errand—to find my way into an ampler and finer life; and in this time it has fallen to my lot beyond that of most men—and our friend, it may be, among the rest—to mingle with our people far and wide and to know them, as we say, like a book—as a workingman in the shops for about nine years, and then as a minister in two great cities, and a lecturer all the way between oceans—and to stand with them shoulder to shoulder as a citizen always; to stay with them in their homes wherever I would go, and talk with them freely on all the burning questions of the old times and the new, and never to lose my love for England or my pride in her and joy; going about, indeed, "with a chip on my shoulder" touching what might be said of her which was untrue to me or unfair; and the result of it all is this: that I have not found what I should feel free to call the hatred of England, except in here and there a man who stands as the exception to the rule, if we leave out of the account the troubled years of the war for the Union, when our people believed England would and did strike below the belt.

* * * Then our people did hate England, for in the smoke and thunder of the war this was England with blatant voice cursing the American republic. One of the noblest fellows I ever knew, and a leader in his great city, said to me then: "Darn her! we will never forgive her while the world stands," though he was not apt to swear, and I think the angel of the records knew that as well as I did.—*Robert Collyer, in North American Review.*

She Was Scared.

Birdie McGinnis—So he has proposed at last?

Esmerelda Longcoffin—Yes, indeed.

Birdie McGinnis—Did you maintain your presence of mind?

Esmerelda Longcoffin—No, I didn't; I got so scared and my heart palpitated so loud that twice he stopped in the middle of his declaration, and, looking at the door, said "Come in." He thought somebody had knocked.—*Peck's Sun.*

Home Help.

Small Daughter—It's most school time and I've mislaid my geography.

Cultured Mother—Well, tell me what the lesson is about, and I'll write out the answer for you to learn.

Small Daughter—The lakes of Africa.

Cultured Mother—Um—er—if you've mislaid your geography, you careless child, you can just hunt till you find it.—*New York Weekly.*

A Proper Epitaph.

Widow—I wish to order a tombstone for my husband's grave, and I want a nice epitaph on it.

Stonecutter—Yes'm. May I ask your husband's business?

Widow—Well, he was a professional card player.

Stonecutter—H-m-m-m. How would "Waiting for the last trump" suit, do you think, madam?—*Jester.*

THE humble and contented man pleases himself innocently and easily, while the ambitious man attempts to please others sinfully and with difficulty.

A WREN at East Bradford, Pa., built a nest in the sleeve of a garment that had been hung up in the yard to dry.

DON'T try to drown your sorrows in a jug; troubles are great swimmers.—*Asheville (N. C.) Citizen.*